A Textbook for Student Airmen

ALTHOUGH Benjamin M. Carmina calls his work *Aviation*, a "theriico-practical text book for students," it is that and something more. Every one who takes an interest in the growing science of flying will find this a handy book to have on his reference shelf, for Mr. Carmina has a simple, direct style of telling his readers "why is an airplane" and how it works. His six chapters are devoted to *Theory of Flight, Airplane Construction, Rigging, Propellers, Maintenance* and *Flight Hints*.

He is willing to say that all there is to be known about heavier than air craft is not yet discovered, as is illustrated by the opening of his chapter on propellers. "Propeller and mystery are synonymous. In our year of grace 1919 nobody knows exactly what a propeller is. This being the condition of things at the present day, we can only accept with the benefit of doubt whatever information we can gather in regard to propellers."

There is an *Appendix* containing aerodynamical formulæ and calculations, an aviation glossary and elements of algebra and trigonometry for those who have not the necessary mathematical equipment.

AVIATION: THEORICO-PRACTICAL TEXT BOOK FOR STUDENTS. By BENJAMIN M. CARMINA. The Macmillan Company.

"Arma Virumque"

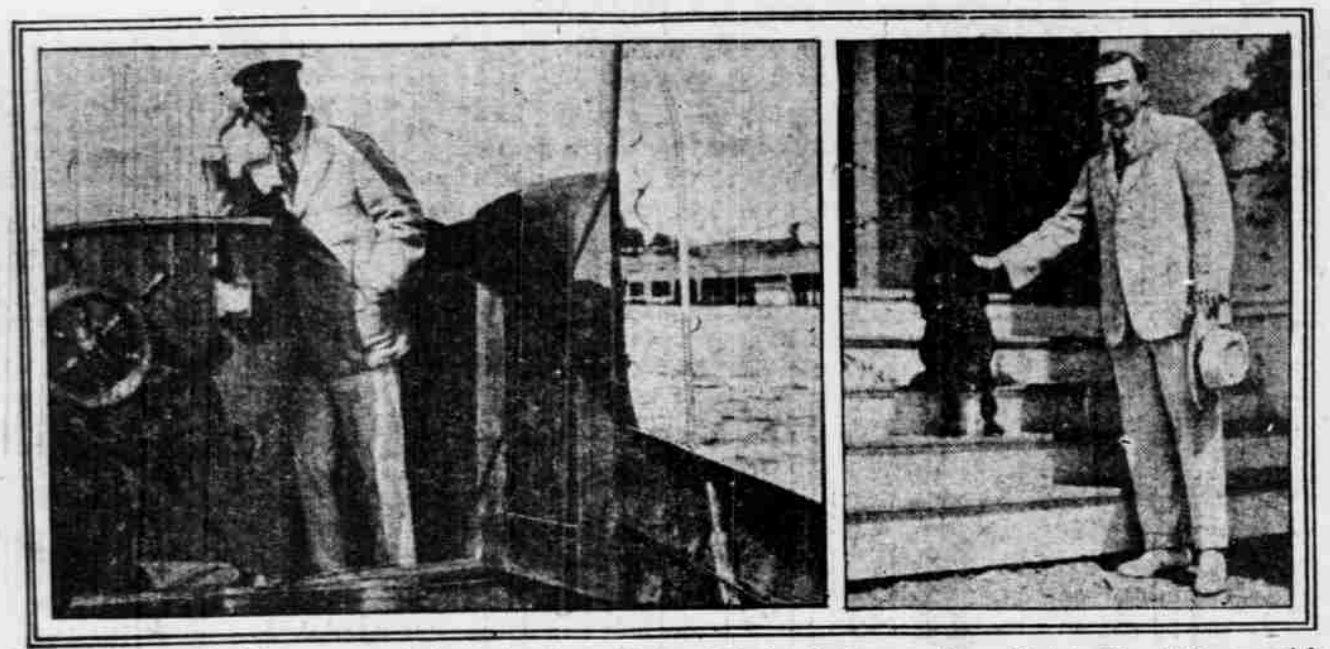
Sergeant Alexander Woollcott is either the most precocious or else the most versatile of American writers He may be both. We would not place it beneath him. At the age of 15 the Sergeant was dispensing culture to Philadelphians in the form of newspaper critiques. At 19 he was giving Hamilton College that literary tone which every truly classical institution ought to have. At 22 he was covering the criminal courts for a New York paper; the stylistic beauty and the emotional fervor of his reporting did much to lend crime the lustre which Mayor Hylan now complains of.

At 26 or thereabout the Sergeant was putting dramatisits and actors in their places and singing the Shuberts' Serenade outside theatre doors momentarily closed against his critical intrusions. At 29, going on 30, he was on board an outbound transport—bad eyesight seemed to him no special reason for not doing what he could; and he did it, with stretchers and in hospitals full of misery, until captured by his own army and made special correspondent of *The Stars and Stripes*, with a roving non-commission and a motor car all to himself.

The result was the best of the excellent writing that appeared in the A. E. F. paper. His "stories" are soon to be republished, just as written but in book form, by the Century Company under the title, *The Command Is Forward*. The book will be worth owning. The author already has one volume to his credit—*What I Said to Mrs. Fiske*, or something to that effect.

C. Lewis Hind, who knows Wells, is an unshakable believer in the Wells theory about *The Journal of a Disappointed Man*—as a letter written by Mr. Hind to Mitchell Kennerly proves.

THE INDIANAPOLIS SUMMER COLONY AT KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.



Left—Skipper Tarkington, pondering what he will do with the Pulitzer prize. Right—The Skipper with his French collaborator, M. Wops.

Some Stories in August Magazines

By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH.

THE special fiction numbers of the magazines are an August joy, coming as they do at the midsummer lull in book publishing, when books are fewer and lighter in quality as a rule than at any other time. This month the fiction shows a wide range in point of material and style, from thistledown romances to terrible tales of war and the supernatural.

Vicente Blasco Ibanez, whose *Four Horsemen* have been breaking all speed and distance records, is represented by two stories in current periodicals—*Ariadne* in the *Green Book*, an oversentimentalized tale of a lover's desertion; and *A Serbian Night* in *Hearst's Magazine*, which is one of the strongest stories of the month, if not the strongest. It is short, but has the relentless horror that some of De Maupassant's brief war narratives possess. It is really an incident, rather than a story containing a developed plot, but is perhaps the more powerful because showing the disconnectedness of life. It is as far removed from the pleasant prettiness or the suggestive eroticism of the conventional magazine fiction as one could well imagine.

This story deserves unstinted praise, and yet the magazine places in a position of honor before it a poorly written and highly illustrated failure by Frederick Arnold Kummer, *I Don't Know Your Name*. Here a chorus girl, after an acquaintance of a week, marries an elderly millionaire, who obligingly dies of the flu in less than a day. Two days later she and his son become engaged, within eight hours after they meet, neither showing the least grief or any respect for the dead, while the author obviously expects the public to admire them.

Harper's has some interesting stories for August, the most entertaining being *Beulah*, by Alice Hegan Rice. There are only three characters (unless one include the deceased wife), each being well individualized and touched off with ironic lightness. Beulah is distinctly original, triumphant through her policy of nonresistance and of subtle assistance to the fates. There is real humor here, both of character and of situation, where one would not expect it, for the homely Beulah, so penurious of speech, and the weeping widower, and the effusive agent of seances do not on the surface appear comic, nor would one look forward to being amused by the efforts of a bereaved husband to call up his wife's ghost.

Luck, by Wilbur Daniel Steele expresses dramatically the tyranny of chance in human destiny. *The Box-Stall*, by Mary Heaton Vorse, reveals an aspect of war psychology, the effect of German prison life on the normal Englishman—a theme brought out almost simultaneously with this in Phyllis Bottome's *A Servant of Realty*, in the *Century*. The complicating element of luck is discussed in *Reparation*, by J. D. Beresford, a leisurely account covering fourteen years and various continents. At least, the reader is left to choose between luck and an assiduously haunting ghost who will have his way.

The *Century* contains a moving story by Anzia Yezierska, *The Fat of the Land*, which illustrates the conflict between immigrant parents and American born children. As one son puts it, "The trouble with us is that the ghetto of the middle ages and the children of the twentieth century have to live under one roof." Both physical and spiritual hunger are realistically dealt with by this new Russian writer, who has herself known privation and hardship and hence can bring a sense of actuality as well as intense feeling to her creation.

Scribner's seems a trifle anæmic this month. The fiction is, as always, carefully written and technically correct, but it leaves one rather unmoved. The liveliest story is *Being a Man*, by Edna Mary Booth, a briskly convincing combination of two love stories. *The Field of Shadows*, by Fred C. Smale, is a pallid ghost story of the problematic type, which fails to produce any spinal chills in this hot weather. *The Swallow*, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, has a certain freshness gained from the fact that the inevitable hero in this war story is a Huron Indian. But it is to be questioned whether an Indian soldier would break into sobs in the presence of other men.

On With the Race, by William Almon Wolff, in *Collier's*, deals with the emotions of the young aviator returned to civil life and his inability to adjust himself at first. It seems fundamentally sound.

Collier's has another story with the logicality of life, in *Sisters*, by Oscar Graeve, the ironic sadness of which disappoints the reader but forces him to reflection.

The *Metropolitan*, which, by the way, promises eight stories a month instead of four hereafter, has a well told piece of fiction by D. H. Lawrence, *The Eleventh Commandment*. This realistic account of the rough employees of an English tram line, of the methods used by a group of working women to test and punish a light maker of love, has novelty and force.

Harper's Bazar, publishes *The Little Beggar*, by Algernon Blackwood a wistful story of a child who might have been, told with delicate suggestiveness and the charm which Blackwood knows well how to impart to the supernatural. The July number of the *Bazar* contained two admirable stories, *The Sponge*, by Temple Bailey, a new writer from the South who is doing work of considerable originality, and *The Living Ghost*, by Burton Kline. This latter has both dramatic tensity and psychological acumen, dealing with subtle states of mind, of deep buried emotions and the impulses that arise from them.

The most commendable story in *Cosmopolitan* for August is *Tannehil*, by Louis Joseph Vance, a narrative repellant in some respects, yet expressing the spiritual truth of man's hunger for the good, and showing how one man effectually killed the good in himself by destroying his dream.

The leading story in the *Red Book* is Alice Duer Miller's *The Red Carpet*, an improbable but amusing account of how a group of American snobs were forced to reveal their plebeian antecedents when a threatened Bolshevik uprising brought about a swift reversal of pretence. Mrs. Miller writes with a lightness of touch that is always clever.

Old Vanity, by Elsie Singmaster, in the *Pictorial Review*, an account of a young man's enlistment under difficulties, would have been more readable before enlistment stories had been overdone. *Her Choice of a Husband*, by Christine Whiting Parmenter, in the *American*, is a simple story of everyday people told with human appeal, though showing too obvious concession to the desire for a joyous ending.

The same criticism might be made of Mary Hastings Bradley's *The Very Best Man*, in the *Delineator*, which uses the trite idea of an accidental marriage between two persons who had not the least intention of marrying each other, yet who make the inevitable instantaneous adjustment to felicity. By the way: What of the legality of a marriage without a license, under the wrong name?

Footsteps, by George B. Jenkins, Jr., in the *Smart Set*, crowds a good many thrills into a few pages and creates a genuine atmosphere of horror. The terror induced by the hearing of footsteps on the stairs after a crime has been committed reminds one of De Quincey's discussion of the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth."

One of the best detective stories appearing in a long time is John D. Swain's *The Fascination of Guilt*, in *Munsey's*. This account of how Lapierre, the skilled French detective, brought a criminal to confession shows a new device in the story of crime and is worth remembering for illustrating a phase of human nature, as well as for its solving of an intellectual problem.

Book Exchange

25 cents per agate line, 14 lines to an inch. Seven words to a line.